

very much indeed. There is no bridge over the Salwin, and we crossed, mule, loads, men, etc., in a ferry, taking 3 hours to do it. Then came an ascent the steepness of which beggars description, - limestone bluffs with loose boulders, with burning grass everywhere which made the heat still more intense. These fires are started by hill tribes such as the Lolos, Minchias and Miaos whom the Chinese have driven into the hills where they eke out a precarious existence. I have found the people on this trip very civil, indeed, quite friendly. I only wish you could have had a glimpse of us all as we entered the hamlet of Wamangai, at the foot of some mighty limestone crags in a narrow canyon. It happened to be market day, and there were about 300 extra people in the place, mostly tribes people from the hills, in various costumes. As we approached, we were soon surrounded by a mob and progress was almost impossible. It was, however, a good-natured mob which had never seen a foreigner. We went to a small temple of which this village boasts, followed by the mob. There was not a soul on the market and the open space in front of the temple was one seething mass of humanity; head on head they stood and from the temple steps I took two pictures of them. The worst was that they remained. The temple was one narrow, long dark room with a row of fierce looking gods on an earthen brick shelf; the front was one row of wooden doors, all latticed. Through every hole of the lattice work there peeped a face, and they strained their eyes and necks to get a glimpse of me. I felt like an animal in a zoo. There was no place to hide, and so I escaped and wandered about among the groves on the neighboring hillsides, until such time as I thought that at least the visiting crowd had gone home to their mountain fastnesses. When I returned I found the two village headmen had brought presents of red hill rice, a ham, and a smoked front leg of a pig. I returned the compliment with two tins of condensed milk. I suppose they liked the tin can better than the milk.

"We were off at daybreak and spent the next night at a place called Tsaochiang, elevation 8,000 feet. In front of us was the mighty Mekong Range, snow covered in its upper slopes. As already stated we crossed it at 11,800 feet elevation, wading through deep snow and through graceful, slender bamboo forest, with rhododendrons and mighty fir trees. Below the fir belt was the most glorious Tsuga forest I have ever seen in all my life, - snow in patches everywhere. The somberness of the forest was somewhat brightened by beautiful rhododendrons. A thousand feet below the summit we found a tiny temple amidst a huge grove of these mighty Tsuga trees 4 feet in diameter. Here I stopped for lunch; the air was most invigorating, and the scenery indescribably beautiful, - a place for gods to dwell in. I went to a quiet spot in the forest (for our caravan had arrived and was - as usual - noisy) and there I gorged myself on this wonderful scenery, - deep, deep down below the Mekong, a narrow brown band, above me the snow-covered crest